





DRUMB & SUTOR, Publishers

## The Centralia Hardware Co.



Notice the label *"Palmer"* attached to each coat

# JOHNSON-HILL COMPANY

### Does Any One Know?

What becomes of all the dogs that save families from burning to death?

A comparison of the two sketches made by the man show them to be almost identical in every respect, indicating that the man has been working the graft right along and otherwise, some of the details would have been forgotten in the interval that has elapsed since he was held before. The most remarkable part of the whole transaction is that he would try the graft twice on the same lawyer. It must be that he works so well and he is so safe from prosecution that he does not pay much attention to what he does or not do, but just stays around from one to another depending on luck not to get in the line office twice. Had it been possible to get an officer promoted on Thursday, it is entirely probable that he would have taken a sabbatical vacation from his labors and then given his victims time to forget his

—My wife Olive having left  
bed and board, I hereby take the  
method of notifying all persons  
to trust her on my account, as I will  
not be responsible for any debts con-  
tracted by her. Peter Felt

This grading up the lawns around the homes of Dr. D. Waters and E. Rosiasser. Both jobs are a credit on Mr. Hansen's ability as an artist.

Fitch of Nekoosa was again appointed a member of the State Central committee from this district.

At Walsman, where the disease raged all last winter, it was impossible to stamp it out, owing to the start it obtained before the proper steps were taken. The fact that the disease was rather mild in a majority of the cases made it all the harder to do anything, as in many instances the children were not kept from school and no attempt made to quarantine them. It is only by the co-operation of parents that the matter can be properly handled, and this fact should be borne in mind by the older ones of the community.

# JOHNSON & HILL CO.

The magnificent wedding scene and grand second act assemblage in the season's wild-fire musical comedy sensation



AT DALY'S THEATER - ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 5th

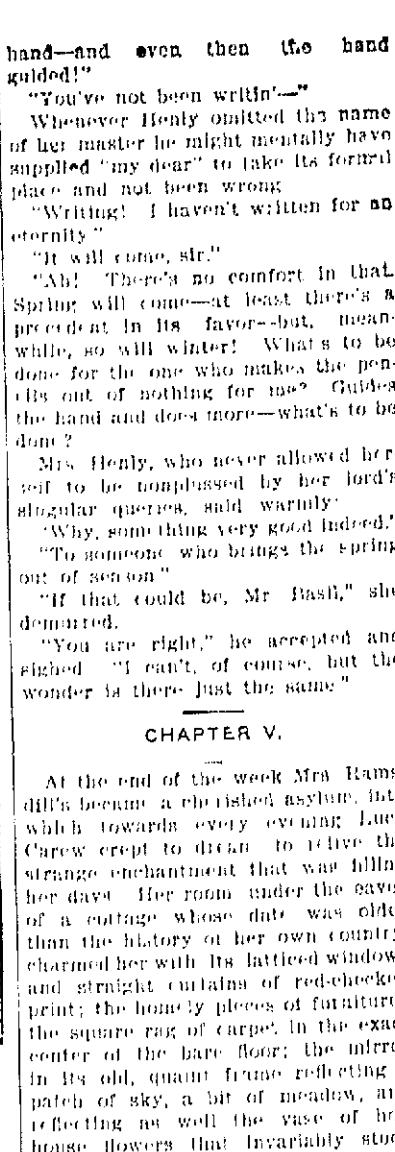












on the low bureau. Old world and new world, to which her western eyes, her sea-borne, rounded, grew to possess the attraction of those things which are new enough to fall under the shadow of great interest.

She went to Gracey. There had never been a word where the night she was brought in the empire-room regarding her appearance or his conduct toward her. She went; whether she knew it to be unconventional or not she learned the criticism of Mrs. Ramsdell and Tompkins. Her dress was above it; whether or not she knew she had a sacred duty to fulfill to art, to posterity, to the world, she knew not. Her work was good, and without even the tribute of a personal word for hours) which there was another reason for her going--the strongest, most cogent, reasons, against which no woman could reason without being added by man.

indifference!—at all events, to Crayke. Lady Crayke went faithfully, doing the walking the half mile between Haddo's cottage and the castle.

This year there was no November dearthness to chill her spirit or hinder her to consider soberly what fate she was guilty of, what danger imminent. Someone drew upon the castle of brilliant days with reckless extravagance. If it were Tompkins, she saw that his serene approach to Crayke in a shower of sunshine.

His walk lay by way of a field, a meadow path for a quarter of a mile, a passage through a hedge by which she saw little of life, when she met with a sharpness that also seemed an abruptness that also seemed a surfeit of impertinence, in front of the castle.

Every morning Crayke met her precariously, beauty-loving eyes with fresh assistance. The perfect gruffly of its ensemble; the coruscant lines of Tudor architect-

the spare and dignity; the harmonious  
dim. faded stone: the bigness of

must, whose importance was vis-  
 the country round from hill to  
 Close to the house, like a shadow,  
 the blur of a plue-growth, the re-  
 beaches in the near encircling  
 ility of the mark, where she had  
 been with Tempest.  
 Park and wood—the dim avenue  
 which she came; the life of the  
 leys, their edges softened and un-  
 by hedged furrows and fall-fimbled  
 the haze of atmosphere pink and  
 in color; the slow-rising sun  
 light, nestling cedars and from  
 tent firs and the tall all held  
 of the silence and peace that the  
 country alone knew, soothed  
 mind and spirit anew at each  
 look she gave. Everything on  
 her eyes rested suggested ago-  
 tradition—there was nothing new  
 the landscape from farm and  
 hedge, grove, and noble trees, to  
 castle door. It spoke to her all  
 with one voice. England met her  
 in a friendly way—in, one might  
 a motherly way, making an ap-  
 some latent heritage in her blood  
 sibly—certainly finding responsi-  
 Lucy Crew.  
 These Impressions and de-  
 were, of course, above all, the  
 velope, the subtle, delicious sur-  
 ing to the reality of the world  
 was absolute of the here. She at times  
 drew her the mastery of the fore-  
 drew her so irresistibly and won-  
 if some voice out of the new  
 would not speak out, recall her  
 alas for Lucy Crew! there was  
 such voice to call.  
 She arrived at ten to write to  
 Tempest's study until a little after  
 Then, with no invitation from  
 returned to luncheon, and a  
 gratitude on her part that there  
 no question of it, she departed  
 the way she had come, reaching  
 dills for a meal of Spartan simp-  
 as if by consent to an unspoken  
 of hers, no bon-mots were so  
 her to any more.  
 He gave her no evidence of  
 pleasure he took in her presence  
 with faint courtesy and un-  
 parting, as she bowed, as the pages  
 grew like snow-falls at her side.  
 But had there been another  
 or he might have thought as she  
 unconsciously over her pages the  
 eyes studied her—her lovely  
 there under the dark mass of her  
 a sort of freight seemed to be  
 slender with bronze and reddish  
 senger hand as it traveled over  
 pages; her leaning form; the  
 outline of her grave, interesting  
 —Indeed, the observer might  
 that Tempest inspired himself  
 this youth and loveliness. When  
 lifted, as now and again she  
 query, her eyes, he him, he drank  
 as if she were wells.  
 TO BE CONTINUED.

Children of the Rich.  
Sunday School Teacher (

she so  
variety.  
of little  
does not  
and she  
center—

ively)—"Of course you know  
Elijah went up to Heaven in  
chariot?" Johnny Millyun—  
don't know. That's probably a  
story the family gave out."

**A Wayside Opinion.**  
Ruggles—"Wot d'y t'ink of  
of killin' off do lazy bug, Tat-  
tatters—"Dere ain't any g  
Ruggles, but dat it's clearly u  
tecs, mak'—Cleveland Plain r

**20 Per Cent. Law Up to Officials.**  
The question of the constitutionality of the law requiring political parties to cast 20 per cent. of its vote at primary election in order to place party nominees on the official election ballot will be passed upon by Attorney General James Baker today in the

Joseph E. Davies of Madison, chairman of the Democratic state constitutional committee, said that it had been determined to set aside this obnoxious law, which is believed to be clearly in contravention of the state constitution, by an official opinion by the attorney general. If the result could be accomplished in that manner. In order to get the matter before the attorney general officially without delay, State Chairman Davies is formally

ly raising the point of constitutional  
ity with Secretary of State Frenn and

is asking that official to lay the matter before the attorney general in questioning an official opinion.

Should the attorney general's confirmation of the law involved lead him to a conclusion that the statute is unconstitutional he would advise the secretary of state to that effect. If such an opinion would probably cause the state canvassing board to make the office canvassing board to make the election without application of a twenty per cent statute.

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### To Operate on La Follette.

Senator La Follette is suffering from gallstones and has been advised by his family physician to consult a specialist regarding the ailment. His family has urged him to go to Rochester, Minn., and see the Mayo brothers, surgeons. He will probably do so soon, but has not yet reached a definite decision. He is reluctant to submit to a surgical operation until af-

on the general election in November when it will be absolutely decided.

whether a majority of the members of the next legislature will be favorable to his resolution.

"The senator has been suffering from salubrious for the several years and has been under the care of a physician for some time. However, the ailment has been gradually increasing until it is now deemed wise by his family to submit to an operation for relief."

"The senator spends part of each day now at his campaign headquarters, but is not permitted by his physician to overwork himself. He works forenoons and evenings and sleeps afterwards."

**Chicago Agencies for Fishing License**

Capt. George W. Ricker, a well-known fisherman and sportsman, has established agencies in Chicago to supply the Wisconsin anglers with fishing licenses. In announcing these agencies, Warden Ricker says:

"During the last session of our legislature a non-resident hook and line license law was passed, making it obligatory for all non-residents, excepting women and males under the age of sixteen years, to procure a license before fishing in any of the inland waters of this state, such license fee being one dollar.

"I may say at this time that this source we derived in the neighborhood of about \$10,000 last year, one-half of this amount is used in the instruction of our boys and rivermen, the rest of the fry and fingerlings are consequently every fisherman procuring the license is paying out for the perpetuation of our sport."

ac- lent fishing grounds, so popular  
Chicago and many other sports

for safe in saying that this sur-  
rounds has doubled this coming sea-  
son and you can readily see that the  
penitence of that amount of n  
will have a decided effect upon  
fishing grounds."

**New Incorporations.**

The Oneida Land company of  
mour, Outagamie county, filed its  
articles of Incorporation in the offi-  
ce of the Secretary of State Free. Its ca-  
pital is \$40,000 and its Incorporators  
John Luksey, P. W. Silverwood,  
George B. Baldwin.

Chicago and Wisconsin Valley  
road company, Madison; capital,  
\$100,000; incorporators, Allen P. R  
Thomas V. Potts, G. S. Wiswa  
J. E. Jones.

Progressive Realty company;  
waulece; capital, \$6,000; incorpor-  
ators, Frank N. Treis, Jr., Charles Tre  
M. D. Wenk.

Colonial Chemical and Manu-  
facturing company, Superior; capital,  
\$100,000; incorporators, G. F. Johns  
A. Engstrom and Albert Hawk

### Election Expense Blanks Out.

Blankets for the milk and cream pensers are being mailed to the dates for state offices by the secretary of state. The statute requires statements of expenses incurred during the campaign be filed "thirty days after election."

**City's Interests Come First.**

The state railroad rate commission laid down the rule that in selecting a route for a railroad within a city the interests of the whole city, rather than with reference to future profits, are to determine the route, rather than present individual preferences.

**Pensions for Badgers.**

The following Wisconsin donors have been granted:

David R. Bartle, \$12; Robert Lee, \$35; Frederick William Iles, \$15; Andrew Reid, \$15; Robert, \$17; George W. Snyder, Dyer, \$17; William H. Snyder, \$15; James Crozier, \$24; Joseph Doppler, \$15; Alfred H. Doody, \$15; Mary E. Gleason, \$12; E. J. Jadin, \$12; Henry Kratz, \$17; W. Pitt, \$20; William Sammling, \$20; William Elson, \$20; James H. \$17; John McDowd, \$10;

John M. True's Majority 1,770  
John M. True, secretary of the

board of agriculture, defeated Mohr in the primary election in the Twenty-seventh district. Republican nomination for state senator, by a vote of 3,982 to 2,815, majority of 1,170, according to official returns. The district comprises counties of Columbia and St. Louis. Mr. True carried both counties formerly by 599 and the latter by 1,170. In the Third senatorial district Isaac T. Bishop defeated H. Everett, 3,566 to 2,815.

Wisconsin Patents.  
The following list of patents

ly granted to Wisconsin investors reported:

John N. Anderson, Madison, operated carrying system; John Anderson, Madison, cable operator; Julius Anderson, Eau Claire, pulper; William K. Blackhawk, Shawano, friction gearing; H. Brock, Sheboygan, packing; Herbert W. Buttle, Appleton, cereal; Frank S. Culver, Madison, system of electrical distribution; T. Koepfer, Milwaukee, poultry.

## Story of United States Bank

The most famous president of the

The United States bank, which President Jackson forced out of business, was Nicholas Biddle of Philadelphia, who after being a director of the bank for a matter of four years, became its president in 1822 and remained in that post until the bank went out of business in 1836.

"Nick" Biddle, as he was known to his associates both in finance and in society—he was a member of Philadelphia's exclusive set—kept a firm grip upon the affairs of all the branches of the United States bank from his desk in the bank's headquarters in Philadelphia. He was very careful to get reports from the branches, regularly and as speedily as the mail facilities of the time could deliver them to him, and he studied these reports with minute care.

One day he noticed that a report from the Savannah branch did not show the average redemption of bank notes, and each subsequent report showed a constant falling off in redemptions, so that Mr. Biddle became very much disturbed. At last he said to himself: "There's going to be trouble of some kind at that branch. Somebody is collecting Savannah

The stranger hesitated, doubtless realizing that if he took the silver it would cost him a pretty penny in insurance and another for freight. At last he said: "Well I think I will take drafts on New Orleans. On the whole, they will do just as good."

This time a girl came close to the banker's lips: "You will not take drafts on New Orleans," he said. "You will take the silver, and you'll take it at once."

There was no other way around it. The stranger had to lug off his two hundred thousand dollars in silver, and pay insurance and freight charges on it to its destination in the north. For he was an agent of a group of state bankers in the north who had combined to break the credit of the United States bank, if possible. They hit upon the plan of getting together a lot of the bank notes of the Savannah branch and suddenly presenting them in a lump for redemption, feeling reasonably certain that the bank would not have on hand sufficient silver with which to redeem at once, word would go throughout the country that the United States bank at

At last, Van Stanwood, who, when he was a young man, knew Nicholas Biddle, the late Ashbel Green, who also knew Mr. Biddle, and who could have been governor of New Jersey in 1877 had he not advised his friends to support the candidacy of Gen. George B. McClellan, and the late George S. Coe of New Jersey, whose financial knowledge was of unusual help to the nation during the Civil war.

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Attention, Dictionary Compilers!

A street preacher was haranguing a miscellaneous audience on one of the prominent street corners of the city. He was talking of eternal punishment, and came to that colorful passage concerning the bottomless pit. This seemed to call for an unusual amount of eloquent energy. Raising his voice and clapping his hands, he yelled:

"And do you know what a bottomless pit is? I dare any one of you do not know it! For the bottom of those who do not know what a bottomless pit is, I am going to tell you. A bottomless pit is your friends, is a pit with no bottom!"

upon his arrival a large number of money to be collected and shipped to Savannah. When he waited

A few weeks after the silver had reached the Savannah branch, a stranger called at it and stated that he had some bank notes which he would like to have redeemed at once in silver. He was asked what was the value of the notes. "Two hundred thousand dollars," he replied.

"Very well," said the official of the bank, who was acting under instructions from President Hiddle, "bring your bills here so that we can count them." Whereupon, the stranger protested at the delay. "What," exclaimed the bank official, "you surely do not think we are going to redeem notes until we have counted them and seen that the amount you give us is right?" So the stranger went away, returning speedily with a hand barrow filled with notes, and all the rest of the day the bank force was occupied in counting them.

That task over at last, the manager of the branch turned to the stranger. "The amount you stated is correct, sir, and your silver is ready. Can we help you in sending it anywhere?"

"You've got the silver here?" gasped the stranger. "You're going to pay me in silver on the spot?"

How Col. George Billas Was Mistaken for Edward by the Enthusiastic People of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

This story of the late King Edward, when, as the prince of Wales, he traveled in this country, was told to me several years ago by the late Col. George Billas, who at one time was United States district attorney for the northern district of New York, and whose "Billas Digest" is one of the standard legal works throughout the United States.

"At the time that the prince was here I was serving upon the military staff of Governor E. D. Morgan of New York," said Colonel Billas, "and I was detailed to represent the governor in certain ceremonies, and particularly upon the occasion of the trip of the prince of Wales up the Hudson river to West Point and Albany.

"I remember vividly how interested the prince was in the scenery that stretched before him on both sides of the noble river, and I have only to shut my eyes to see in fancy the Albany dotted here and there with large and small groups of people, anxious to gaze upon the ruler of England. Through it all the prince was very affable and accommodating; he was always ready to step to some conspicuous place upon the upper deck of the steamboat and courteously acknowledge the salutes and cheers which came to him from the shores.

"Some miles before the boat reached Poughkeepsie there was brought aboard it by special messenger a pouch of mail for the prince. He had not heard from home for some time and he was anxious to read the letters; you must remember that the Atlantic cable, though laid, was not working at the time. So, taking this heavy mail with him, the prince went into the pilot house and soon was deeply immersed in his letters. He was still reading when we arrived at Poughkeepsie, where it seemed as though the entire city and all the people on the river around about had turned out to greet him.

"Hastily, word was carried to the prince that an enormous crowd, covering the steamboat dock and stretching away back in the foot of the hill, was anxious to give him the tribute of their good wishes. But, as luck would have it, he was in the midst of per-

... according to Grand Mark Tredy, owner

Mark Twain and Warner wrote it to Show Their Joking Wives Just What They Could Do When They Tried.

The late Stephen A. Hubbard, who was for many years the managing editor and one of the owners of the Hartford (Conn.) Courant when Joseph R. Hawley was editor and Charles Dudley Warner, the author and humorist, co-editor, told me the real story of the manner in which Mark Twain and Mr. Warner came to write "The Gilded Age," which was published in 1873.

"After Mark Twain came to Hartford to live," said Mr. Hubbard, "he early made the acquaintance of Mr. Warner, being especially attracted to him because of the success of the deliciously humorous book, 'My Summer in a Garden,' which gained Mr. Warner national fame, and which was the first of his separate writings. The acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and the families of the two men were frequently together.

"It happened that one evening, when the Twains had the Warners at a family dinner, something was said about the success of 'Uncle Remus and Mrs. Warner began to tell Mark Twain; they made all manner of good-natured fun of his book, called it an accidental hit, and finally ended up by deciding him to write another work like it.

"In like manner Mark Twain turned to Mr. Warner. 'You and I will show these ladies that their laughter is unseemly and "a cracking of thorns under a pot,"' he added. 'We'll get together and write a story, chapter by chapter every morning, and we will so interweave our work that the wives of our friends will not be able to say which of us has been written by Mark Twain and which by Charles D. Warner; for once a week we will gather in my library and read the story to them as it has progressed under our pens.'

"What was spoken in jest was acted upon in the spirit of jest. Mr. Warner

morning for an hour or two so that together they could write a new story somewhat on the lines of 'Innocents Abroad.' After they had been at work on their little joke for a little while they became thoroughly interested in it, and then, when Mark Twain proposed to introduce the character of Colonel Sellers in the story, both he and Mr. Warner grew actually enthusiastic over it, and their wives confessed their deep interest in it as it was read to them as the writing progressed.

"So the jest was carried on until the story was about half finished, if I remember correctly, when it suddenly occurred to Mark Twain that it might be worth publishing; if I indicated the wives of the authors, it ought to interest the public. Therefore, Twain approached his publishers and told them that he and Mr. Warner were jointly writing a book, and he wondered whether he could make arrangements with them to publish it. They jumped at the proposition. The book was published under the title of 'The Gilded Age,' it sold beyond all expectation for a while, and then, suddenly, the sales stopped. It is the one dead failure among Mark Twain's works.

"The number of copies were sold by subscription to repay the cost of manufacture and return some profit to the joint authors and the publishers.

"Later, however," continued Mr. Hubbard, "Mark Twain made a tidy sum out of the dramatic rights of the book. About the time that the book was to be published he suggested to Mr. Warner that he would buy whatever dramatic rights that Warner might have in the work. The idea appealed to Mr. Warner, and I have always understood that Mark Twain paid him \$8,000 or thereabouts for his share of the dramatic rights and with that money Mr. Warner was able to make a long tour of the country.

"And as Mark Twain, he made thousands in royalties out of the play based on his utterly dead book."

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sudden, I discovered that the people below me had taken me for our dear Unpublished guest. They set up a great cheering, huzwagging in the air and women clapped their hands and waved their handkerchiefs every eye was fastened upon me.

"What could it be? I could not tell them that I was not the Prince of Wales, but only a member of the governor's staff; I could not have made myself heard three feet away from that welcoming uproar. So, almost involuntarily, I bowed and made a military salute. The people went wild, and as I stood there receiving all the misdirected homage, I certainly had a feeling of what it is like to be in company in reality.

"For perhaps a minute I received the enthusiastic greeting of the city, then the hunt started and all Pong kept me returned home, satisfied that I was among the prince. In fact, you later I heard residents of that town talking with not a little pride how they had been bowed to and saluted by the prince. They never knew the mistake.

"That as soon as the prince had finished with his mail and returned to the deck, I related to him how I had been mistaken for him. And the story amused him greatly—not in the sense that it was an absurdity that should be taken for him, which was, nevertheless, the case, but because of the picture of that great herring being a plain citizen of the United States as the prince of Wales."

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Misjudged Brilliant Son.

Lord Amphill once found himself reading Anderson's story on the Duke of Dussling, which relates how a duke hatched a swan's egg, as we call it, and was surprised at the result. The creature was a duckling, with one of the legs of a lordly swan, boasting down the river, hardly him as one of the race. "Ah," observed Harnack, "was a long time before my poor mother could be persuaded that in hatching me she had not produced a goose."

He wrote her an order that would carry her through the liner with

How The Famous Soldier-President Responded to a Distracted Woman's Plea.

Mrs. Louisa Boggs, an eighty-six-year-old resident of St. Louis, tells the following story of Gen. U. S. Grant, who was her cousin and whose memory she lovingly cherishes. The story is being passed around in Washington.

"Julia Dent, the general's wife, was a southern girl, you know. Her family lived just west of Jefferson Barracks, south of St. Louis, and while stationed there Lieutenant Grant met and fell in love with her. Julia had a girlhood friend with whom I will call Mittie. They grew up together, warm-hearted, loving. Their tastes, accomplishments, and ambitions were much alike. Both married soldiers. Mittie's husband cast his fortunes with the south and rose to the rank of general. When the southern cause began to go down before the far-reaching sweep of the northern

armies, Mittie received the news that her husband had been wounded. She was drawn to go to him, but the cordon was held tight around Dixie land; it was hard to get through. Learning that Mrs. Grant was at our house in St. Louis, the wife of the southern soldier hastened there to implore her girlhood friend to do what she could to get her through.

The wife of a soldier herself, Mrs. Grant understood to the depth of her sympathetic soul the terrible anxiety of her friend, but even she was unable to find the way. By rare good fortune, however, General Grant came to St. Louis about that time. He listened quietly while the distraught young woman told of her message from the south, she should reach her husband's side at once, be the danger what it may.

"You can imagine what such a plea meant to a soldier like Grant. To him the woman in the hospital, on the field where the battle had been,

carry her through the lines, to get her to her husband's side, would have been a great desideratum. Not only that, but he gave her a grant roll of Confederate money—the sort used in the south.

"Take this," he said, briefly; "I hope you'll find ——— getting all right," and then he left the room.

Even the Chair Groaned.

Young Rector (in evident embarrassment): "My dear Miss Clara, I try to leave the chair—I believe I have formed an attachment and—"

Miss Clara (blushing furiously): "Arthur—don't mind, Mr. Greene—this is so sudden! I must—"

Young Rector (frantically): "Paradox, Miss Clara, but I was about to say that I have formed an attachment to this chair, due to the presence of a bit of cobble's war placed here that unregenerate young brother of yours."

And even the chair groaned in sympathy.



